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Viewed in the most favorable light, modern housekeeping is a difficult problem with increasing difficulties, whether the house be one of luxury or poverty, and a woman to accomplish it must bring to it intelligence, training, enthusiasm, and good health; she will need them all and must shut her eyes and ears to much of the alluring world outside of her domain. With half a chance the average woman could be happy, and although she recognizes the drudgery of her lot her intelligence will discern its final significance and the welfare of her family be her compensation.

The writer realizes that these are not orthodox views; it is a much more comfortable belief to say that home is a woman's proper sphere and there she finds her happiness, but after many years of observation in the homes of rich and poor, from the pitiful physical wrecks in hospitals, in the cottages of factory employes, in the cabins of lumbermen and fishermen, and in lonely farmhouses, the fact will not be denied that a large proportion of women who keep their houses are pathetically unsatisfied with their lives. It should not be true, for under right conditions the making and keeping of a home is the happiest work a woman can have, and it is high time the world should stop to ask the reasons for the present unhappy state of affairs.

THE END

A LABRADOR CATECHISM

By FELIX J. KOCH

WHEN Explorer Peary kept the world in breathless suspense for an entire day because his vessel could not put in at Chateaux, as it had promised, but was forced to beat on to Battle Harbour, there to send in its message of Polar discovery, he gave new lease of life to a little settlement, unknown well-nigh save in the north, which forms first port-of-call for ships bound to Labrador and beyond.

Battle Harbour is substantially a hospital station of the Royal Deep Sea Mission to fishermen, and there they are fighting a battle against the great white plague which is so sadly decimating the ranks of those who take the cod for half the world.

As part of that crusade, Battle Harbour has been made a point of dissemination for a curious "*Catechism*," the work of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and "printed for use in the Newfoundland and Labrador

schools." Of course this *Catechism* is cheaply printed, on thin white paper:

" A CATECHISM.
THAT IS TO SAY
AN INSTRUCTION TO
BE LEARNED BY EVERY PERSON "

is the title on the cover.

On opening it, one finds a series of questions and answers, under heavy leaded titles. In these days when in the States so much is being done against the great white plague, the little brochure may well bear copying in entirety:

THE AIR

- (1) Is fresh air good for me? I cannot live without it.
- (2) Is air ever bad? Yes, it gets very poisonous.
- (3) What makes it poisonous? Every time any one breathes, he throws poison into the air.
- (4) What are these poisons like? Some are poisonous gases; some like tiny poison seeds.
- (5) Will they hurt me? They will kill me in time.
- (6) How can I avoid these poisons? By always keeping in fresh air.

THE SUNSHINE

- (1) Must I let in the sunshine? Yes, every bit I can let in.
- (2) Why must I let in the sunshine? Because nothing else cleans the room so well.
- (3) How does sunshine clean a room? It kills all the poison germs it falls upon.
- (4) Ought I to sit in the sunshine? Yes, I must always keep in it when I can.
- (5) Why must I do this? Because it will kill the poison germs in my blood.

THE WINDOW

- (1) Must I open the window? Yes.
- (2) When must I open the window? All day and all night.
- (3) Will not the cold hurt me? Cold does not hurt anybody.
- (4) Why must I open the window? Because I cannot grow strong unless I do.
- (5) Will not the draught hurt me? I must arrange to avoid draughts as far as possible.



STERN AND ROCK-BOUND.

(6) What good is it to open the window? It lets in the pure air to clean my blood.

WASHING

- (1) Must I wash? Yes, as often as possible.
- (2) Why must I wash? Because a clean skin keeps us in good health.
- (3) Must I use cold water? Yes, every day.
- (4) Will it hurt me? Not at all. It will make me very strong.
- (5) How does it do that? It sends my blood flying 'round my body.
- (6) What is the good of that? The blood carries food to every part of it and washes all the poisons out of it.
- (7) Is hot water good? It is better than none at all.

SPITTING

- (1) Is it wrong to spit in the house? Yes, and on the ground outside. It is dirty and dangerous and cruel.
- (2) Why? What harm does it do? It spreads poisons everywhere and hurts everybody.
- (3) How does it do this? Spittle is full of poison germs.
- (4) How do the germs get at us? They get loose as soon as the spittle dries up, and then they can fly about.
- (5) What do the germs do to us? They go down with our breath and eat up our lungs.
- (6) Must I never spit? Never, except into a piece of rag or paper, which I must burn at once.

WOUNDS

- (1) Can I always stop bleeding? Yes, by tying the pipe that is leaking, or by binding a hard plug tightly enough over or above the bleeding-point.
- (2) Is there an easier way? Yes, by tying a binding round nearer my body and twisting it tight with a stick.
- (3) Must I cover over the wound? Never cover it quite up, only pull the edges together by strips of plaster.
- (4) Must I put anything on the cut? Friar's balsam, or very hot water will help to stop bleeding.
- (5) Why must I not cover it up? Because there is danger of keeping in poison.
- (6) What else can I do? Always wash it well with water that has been boiled and open it again at once, if there is any matter in it,—remove with a sharp knife blade which has been boiled.

In connection with this, an additional hand-bill has been gotten out for the crusade.

"Pin this up in your house!" is the slogan.

CONSUMPTION

COMMUNICABLE—CURABLE—PREVENTABLE

EVERY CONSUMPTIVE IS A DANGER TO HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS,
UNLESS HE IS TRAINED TO DESTROY THIS SPITTLE.

The broadside goes on then to relate how steps may be taken against the dread disease.

Over the Labrador, in the little huts, one sees these placards everywhere now. They are doing much for betterment of the lives of the people, though whether they be effecting actual cures or no it is impossible to conjecture.

IN DELAWARE

By SUSAN J. REMSEN, R.N.

Graduate of Seney Hospital, Brooklyn

In the month of May, accompanying her patient, armed with a page of typewritten orders from the physician-in-charge, the writer arrived in Delaware. As the patient was suffering from asthma as well as neurasthenia, a place was selected near the coast. Standing well back from the road, the house, surrounded by green fields and having a group of apple-trees near it, gave a pleasing mental impression to the worn and nervous man. From the first those apple-trees were a source of entertainment because of their occupation by the numerous birds of the vicinity who, from the earliest call of the great crested flycatcher in the morning till the reiterations of the whip-poor-wills at night, builded, quarrelled, made love, and sang "of summer in full-throated ease" making of the little orchard "a most melodious plot."

The quiet, the delightful air, the wide placid landscape, all helped to secure a relaxation of nerve-tension and induce natural sleep. And there was Eve, so-called from her habit of pensively gazing over the gate into a green forbidden Eden, who gave us

"Cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart"